Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

stopt, she is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leuie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gold we may haue prouision, wherein wee are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleneſſe.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust God for euery graffe would send a Caterpiller, and so inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreate to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire & all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost skill in his recouery, prouided, that none but I and my companion maide bee suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: shee speakes my Lord, that

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